### Hor the Children.

FRATERNITY.

Who holds the household one and all As slaves to his despotic sway, His every whim a mighty law That no one dares to disobey ! My baby brother

Who often in night's stilly hour, About the lonely stroke of one, Doth often raise his piercing votes. And sing to the delight of none? My baby brother.

Who rosms alone adown the starrs That bemp and bang his precious noddle And tries at throwing comercanits

Before he has learned how to toddie? My baby brother.

Who mants my books and bric-a-brac, And useth them for cliewing-gum, Who giguleth at my sore distress, While duty bolds me sadly dumb? My baby brother,

Who will be glad when baby's old Enough to suffer discipline And feel as oft he area to feel The amarting emerguence of sin ?

-E. R. Terry, Independent.

### The Wish-Ring.

A young farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest and just then an old woman crept past and cried: "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a great fir-tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down, you will make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice repeated, the farmer shouldered his axe and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir-tree, which he instantly prepared to out dowa. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man, it spread its wings as if to try their strength, then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay in the other egg; it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and whatever your wish is, it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to repent your choice." So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way home-Toward evening, he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter, on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own, and asked the merchant its value. "It isn't worth a straw," the jeweler

answered. Upon that, the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish-ring, and of greater value than all

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night. "For," he explained, "only to shelter a man who

owns a wish-ring must bring luck."
So he treated his guest to wine and fair words; and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole the magic ring from his finger and slipped on, in its place, a common one which he had made to resemble the wish-ring.

The next morning, the jeweler was all have the farmer begone He awakened him at cock-crow, and said: You had better go, for you have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed, the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters, so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish instantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great, shining gold pieces came pouring down upon him in a golden torrent over his head, shoulders, and arms. Pitifully he cried for mercy, and tried to reach and unbar the door; but before he succeeded, he stumbled and fell bleeding to the ground. As for the golden rain, it never stopped till the weight of the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler and his money sank through to the cellar. The gold still poured down till the millon was complete, and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing out to see what the matter was. When they saw the man dead under his gold, they exclaimed: Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward the heirs came and divided the property.

In the meantime the farmer reached

home in high spirits and showed the ring

"Henceforth we shall never more be in want, dear wife," he said. "Our fortune is made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered advice. "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our two fields ?"

"That isn't worth while," her husband replied. "If we work hard for a year we'll earn enough money to buy it."

So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they had never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land and still have a bit to spare. "See," said the man, "we have the land and the wish

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied: "Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

orniging down his list hard on the counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in the village store at West Milton, Saratoga county, and the speaker was the central figure of a group of bucholic philosophers. He was homely, slovenly and sixty. "There's where i differ from you altogener," said Mr. George T. Graham of the same place. "Women are mostly what men make em. When husbands are brutes wives will fall into submission or make home hot for the men; and they're unnatural in either character. Love them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you'll have no trouble. There's my own wife, now. She suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other allments that took the bloom off her cheeks and the spring out of her steps. Well, she saw an advertisement of Parker's Tonic, and thought it would be just the thing for her case. Gentlemen, I sent fire miles after a bottle. She took it. I sent again after more. So several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it has done' her you would say that women are the greatest of God's blessings, and Parker's Tonic is the next." Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. "The wish is saved again this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we

This preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be called simply PARKER'S TONIC. This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last. "Now that you have a wish to be granted," she said, " you slave and toil, and are content with everything. You might be king, emperor, baron, even a gentleman farmer, with chests overflowing with gold; but you don't know what you want."

"We are young and life is long," he answered. "There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but sometime we may sorely need this wish? Are we in want of anything? Have we not prospered, to all people's as-tonishment, since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for a while. In the meantime, consider what we really

ought to wish for." And that was the end of the matter.

It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Grana-ries and barns were full to overflowing. Hew Advertisements. and in the course of a few years the poor A. C. BROWN'S farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men afield during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily

bread; but after supper he liked to sit in his porch, contented and comfortable,

last, she more and more rarely mentioned

the ring, and at last the good woman

ceased speaking of it altogether.

To be sure, the farmer looked at the ring, and twirled it about as many as

twenty times a day; but he was very

After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their

wish was still unasked, then was God

very good fo them, and on the same night they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren surrounded the two coffius, and as one

wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remerabrance, the oldest son said: "Let our father take his ring into

the grave. There was always a mystery

about it; perhaps it was some dear re-membrance. Our mother, too, so often looked at the ring—she may have given it to him when they were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the

ring, which had been supposed to be a

wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought as

much good fortune into the house as heart could desire.—Anna Eichberg, in

Hew Advertisements.

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This house has lately been thoroughly repaired and put in good shape for accommodation of guests.

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SOME PERSON has taken unlawfully and without right about one hundred and twonty copies of Vermont Historical Gazetteer, Vol. IV., bound in cloth, also thirty copies of the same, bound in haif Turkey Morrocco, from the book bindery of J. D. Clark, in Montpelier, Vermont.

Should any of said books be effered for sale by any person, a suitable reward will be paid to any one who will report the fact to the undersigned, or give information where they can be found.

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Put a Brand on Him.

"Women are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in the

YOUR NAME will be NEATLY off our friend on FIFTY Chronn CARDS, all our rent, and sout post-paid for our four f-commentations; six packs for twenty f-cent stamps. Address UNION CARD UG., Montpeller, VL.

ence invited and inquiries answered. Deposit according

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careful never to wish.

MONTPELIER, VT.

Insurance Agency,

and return his kindly greeting of the folk who passed and who wished him a re-spectful good evening. Capital Represented, \$150,000,000. So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer's wife would remind her husband of the magic In these days of doubt and uncertainty in business, especially in the standing and solvency of Fire and Life Insurance Comring, and suggest many plans. But as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come

panies, the attention of insurers is respectfully called to the following list of reliable and substantial Companies represented in this Agency. Life Company.

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Fire Companies. Northern Insurance Company OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1836. - - Assets, \$25,225,596 Imperial Fire Ins. Company OF ENGLAND,

Organized in 1803. - - Assets, \$12,270,090 Phœnix Assurance Company OF ENGLAND. Organized in 1782. - - - Assets, \$5,107,125

Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Comp'y OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1825. - - - Assets, 1,500,000

Philadelphia Fire Association OF PHILADELPHIA,
Organized in 1820. - - Assets, \$4,000,000

Insurance Co. of State of Penn. OF PHILADELPHIA, Organized in 1794. - - Assets, \$650,000

New York City Insurance Co. Organized in 1872. - - - Assets, \$425,000 Continental Insurance Comp'y OF NEW YORK,
Organized in 1852. - - Assets, \$3,100,000

Manhattan Fire Insurance Co. OF NEW YORK, Organized in 1872. - - - Assets, \$900,000.

OF HARTFORD, in 1850. - - - Assets, \$1,500,000. First National Fire Ins. Co.

OF WORCESTER, MASS., Organized in 1868. - - - Assets, \$300,000. The Royal Insurance Comp'y

OF ENGLAND,
Organized in 1845. - Assets, gold, \$20,000,000. London & Lancashire Ins. Co. OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1861. - - Assets, \$7,500,000

Commercial Union Ass'ce Co. OF ENGLAND, Organized in 1861. - - Assets, \$19,351,671. Lancashire Insurance Comp'y was he to go to school. "Aw, shaw!" he growled; "I don-kare to go, nuther,

OF FRANCE, Organized in 1844. - - Assets, gold, \$6,700,000. | thin'. Dod fetch the thing, anyhow.' Travelers' Insurance Comp'y OF HARTFORD,
Paid-up Capital, \$600,000. Assets, \$4,955,990.42

Becure a General Accident Policy for a specified sum, to be paid in case of death by accident, or a weekly indemnity if the injury wholly disables the insured from his employment. It will be written for one or more mouths or a year, as may be desired, and the cost is so low as to place a comfortable insurance within the react of almost every man whose time and labor are of any value to him and bit family. One in sixteen of the insured have received cash payments under their secident policies.

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Montpelier, Vt.

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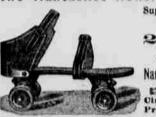
Light of the World (\$2). Sallivan's new and Noel (\$1), St. Saens' Christmas Oratorio. Prodigal Son (75 cents). Cantata or Oratorio by

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A MODEL WOMAN.

I know a woman wondrons fair-A model woman she-Who never runs her neighbors down When she goes out to iea.

She never gossips after church Of dresses or of hats; She never mosts the sewing school And joins them in their spats.

She never beats a salesman down, Nor sake for pretty placques; She never asks the thousand things

Which do his patience tax. These statements may seem very strange-At least they may to some, Bu) just remember this, my friends-

The Dutchman on the Fly Question.

Flies do not seem to trouble everybody

The woman's deaf and dumb.

—A Wisely Anonymous Man.

alike. The Detroit Free Press thus depicts the philosophic bearing of Hans, who was surrounded by these little creatures, and enjoying his lunch, when the fly exterminator man entered. He had a fly screen under one arm and a bundle of sticky fly paper under the other, and as he came in, he walked up to Hans, who was brushing off the flies, and said: "Why don't you keep 'em out?" "Who vash dot?" asked the Dutchmam. "Why, the pesky flies. You've got 'em by the thousand here, and the fly season has only begun. Shall I put fly screens on the doors?" "Vhat for?" "To keep the flies out." "Why should I keep der flies out? Flies like some chance to go aroundt und see der city, der same ash beoples. If a fly ish kept out on der street all der time he might ash vhell be a horse." "Yes; but they are a great nuihe came in, he walked up to Hans, who horse." "Yes; but they are a great nuisance. I'll put you up a screen door there for three dollars." "Not any for me. If a fly wants to come in here, and he behaves himself in a respectable manner, I have nothing to say. If he don't behave I bounce him oudt pooty queek und don't he forget her!" "Well, try this fly paper. Every sheet will catch five hundred flies." "Who vhants to catch 'em?" "I do—you—everybody." "I don't see it like dot. If I put dot fly paper on der counter, somebody comes along und wipes his nose mit it, or somebody leans his allow on how wild since the control of the state of the stat body leans his elbow on her und vhalks off mit him. It would be shust like my boy Shake to come in und lick off all der molasses to play a shoke on his fadder." "Say, I'll put down a sheet and if it doesn't catch twenty flies in five minutes I'll say no more." "If you catch twenty flies, I have to pry 'em loose mit a stick und let 'em go, und dot vhas too much work. No my friendt: flies must have a chasse to set along and take some conchance to get along und take some com-fort. I vhas poor once myself, und I know all about it. It looks to me like a Connecticut Fire Insur'ce Co. small peesness for a big-man like you to go around mit some confidence game to shwindle flies. A fly whas born to be a fly, and to come into my beer saloon, ash often ash he likes. When he comes I shall treat him like a shentleman. I gif him a fair show. I don't keep an axe to knock him on der headt, und I don't put some molasses all ofer a sheet of paper und coax him to be all stuck up mit his feet until he can't fly away. I'm no such person like dot."

### The Old Man's Opinion.

It was September, 1879. The train that bore Bode Hawkins to college caught him away from the arms of his mother and the kisses of his sisters. Very glum was Bode Hawkins, and very reluctant Organized in 1852. - Assets, gold, \$10,000,000 so what's the use? Dog-gone the collidge, it don't do no good, and I won't La Confiance Insurance Co. know no more wen I go away. I'd ruther drive team'r learn a trade 'r some June, 1883. Ambrose Hawkins gazes fixedly at them through the oriel window that includes one eye, and delicately extending one finger for them to grasp, he murmurs: "Aw fathaw! gently, my deah feliah, gently; easy on the rings, ye knaw; bless you, me mothaw-how, no, thanks; kiss you when we get home, ye knaw; how do brothaw—brothaw—well, bless me soul, but aw I've forgotten the boy's name. Sister, here, will you kindly hand these brawses fah me boxes to the luggage mawstah. Aw-is this-this the vehicle?" And all the way home the old man didn't say a word, but he just drove and thought and thought and drove, and nearly all that night he sat up twisting hickories and laying them to soak in the watering trough down by the cow barn. And he told a neighbor next morning that "he had about four years of college larnin' to unlarn for Bode, afore the boy could holler at a yoke of steers like he used to; but the boy seemed to be comin' round all right, and he reckoned he'd do by-'n-by."—Burlington Hawkeye.

### A Lively Color-Bearer.

"Talk about my war record," said an Arkansaw orator at a political meeting My war record is a part of the state history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last confederate flag through this town."
"Yes," replied a bystander, "for I was here at the time." "Thank you for your fortunate recollection," gratefully ex-claimed the orator. "It is pleasant to know that there still lives some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentle men, my war record is a part of the state' history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last confederate flag through this town." " That's a fact," said the man who had witnessed the per-formance. "He carried the last confederate flag through this town, and he carried is so blamed fast you couldn't have told whether it was a Union Jack or a small-pox warning."—Arkansas Traveler.

REFERRING to Sheridan at the battle of Winchester, in his address at the soldiers' reunion in Oneonta, the Rev. Dr. Fulton The Nantasket Roller Skate quoted the general as saying "in untheological terms, 'We shall whip them.'"
This was too much for one of the Supersedes all old vets of the audience, and rising in his chair and shaking his at the reverend speaker, shouted, "That isn't what Sheridan said; what he did say was, 'We'll lick h-l out of 'em!'" This brought down the house. After the confusion had subsided, Dr. Fulton smilingly added, "And he did it too!"

"It's pretty hot, Jenny." "It is, indade, Mike. It's a strange worrold, me b'y. If it was only as hot as this in the winter whin there's need of heat, there wud be some sense in it." "That's thrue for you," replied Mike, meditatively; "it's a great hed ye've got."

BEFORE a young man can court a Mexican giri, he has to tell her parents on the doorsteps of the house what his prospects in life are. If he says he is a curve pitcher for a champion base ball club, the old folks say "go in." Hew Advertisements.

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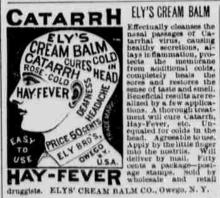
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